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WE MUST WORK FOR THE PEOPLE'S WELFARE.

W. H. Kitchin, Editor.

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No. 3.

THE PRICE OF A DRINK.

Five cents a glass does any one think that is really the price of a drink? Five cents a glass, I hear you say, why that isn't very much to pay. Ah! no indeed, 'tis a very small sum, you are passing over twice finger and thumb. And if that was all you gave away, it wouldn't be very much to pay.

The price of a drink let him decide, who has lost his courage and lost his pride. And has a groveling heap of clay. Not far removed from beast to-day. The price of a drink let that one tell. Who sleeps to-night in a murderer's cell. And feels within him the fires of hell. Honor, and virtue, and glory of youth. All the pride and glory of youth. Hopes of manhood, the wreath of fame. High endeavor, and noble aim. These are the treasures thrown away. As the price of a drink from day to day.

Five cents a glass, how Satan laughed. As over the bar the young man quailed. The bearded liquor, for the demon knew. The terrible work that drink would do. And before the morning the victim lay. With his life's blood ebbing swiftly away. And that is the price, he paid, alas! For the pleasure of taking a social glass.

The price of a drink, if you wish to know. What some are willing to pay for it, go through that wretched tenement over there.

With dingy window and broken stair. Where foul disease like a vampire crawls. With outstretched wings over mouldy walls. There shame in a corner crouches low. There violence deals its cruel blow. And madmen's eyes are that accused. To pay the price of another's cure.

Five cents a glass, oh! if that was all. The sacrifice would indeed be small. But the money's worth is the least smart.

We pay, and whoever will keep account. With the terrible waste and blight. That follows this ruinous appetite. Five cents a glass, does anyone think. That is really the price of a drink? (The above poem is not original but is clipped from a tract book obtained in the Sandwich Islands by our friend, whose Spanish name is Señor Don Antonio San Clara Eduardo Celestina Huicnelan El Pais Aboucah Banoos.—Ed.)

(For the Democrat.)

AMONG THE JAPANESE.

A day in Yokohama.

On September 2nd 1883, while the church bells ashore were sending forth their silvery peals, we bade farewell to the beautiful shores of the Sandwich Islands, and stood out to sea bound for Yokohama, Japan, 3311 miles distant. We stood watching the Hawaiian shores until the dusk of the night hid them from our view. Our stay there had passed so pleasantly and quickly we could hardly realize we were leaving and had a long sea voyage before us. And as night hid the islands from view we turned away with a sigh, as we remembered the warm friends we had parted with perhaps never to meet again on earth. September 12th having crossed the 180th Meridian of West longitude and entered East longitude September the 13th was dropped, it being then the 14th with us. This is the point where we lose one day in circumnavigating the globe.

We had a very pleasant voyage with occasional showers of rain, until October 5th when the falling barometer gave notice of a storm. Every thing was put in readiness to meet the storm which struck us next day. The hatches were battered down, decks unroofed, life lines stretched and every thing movable about the decks firmly secured. About 12:15 P. M. the wind started to blow and went all around the compass until it arrived at North East and at P. M. the full fury of the storm was upon us. We were in one of those terrible "typhoons" which blow off the coasts of Japan during the fall months. Before we could take in sail three of our largest sails were blown to pieces. The wind blew so furiously that the orders of the Captain, although issued through a trumpet, were unheard. Heavy seas would wash our decks fore and aft. Engines were running full speed with the ship's head to the wind, yet we were unable to make any headway, and during the three days this storm lasted we were blown nearly 500 miles out of our course. We were 150 miles from Yokohama when the typhoon struck us, during the heaviest part of the blow the wind gage logged 85 miles per hour. After the wind had abated the ship labored very heavy in high sea, rolling on her beam ends, the heaviest rolls being 38 degrees each way. It seemed almost impossible for a ves-

sel to remain afloat in such a storm, she being under the water half of the time, but our good ship seemed a thing of life as rising on the top of a wave she seemed to shake the waters from her, only to be parried the next moment in a tremendous sea which would sweep the decks fore and aft.

How joyfully we hailed the sun as it came out, bright and warm on the morning of the fourth day. Old ocean's wrath had subsided into long swells, and we were able to open our hatches and ports which had been closed for three days.

At daybreak Oct. 11th we sighted the shores of Japan and soon after we passed No Sima lighthouse and entered Yodo Bay, while steaming up the bay many strange and picturesque sights met our gaze. Towering mountains on each side, green and fertile valleys dotted with little villages with their quaint and pretty houses, rice and tea growing in abundance, now and then a steamer bound out flying the Japanese flag, a white flag with a red ball in the centre, the bay is full of fishing crafts called junks are clumsy looking vessels with one or two heavy masts and large parabolic sails. We have to keep a good lookout to prevent running ashore.

After about five hours steaming up the Yodo Bay we arrive at Yokohama, and as our anchor is let go, the ship is surrounded by Japanese in their small boats, called sampans all clamoring to get on board with something to sell—groceries, provisions, clothing, curiosities, and any thing you wish to buy; they spread their wares out on the decks and remain on board an hour or more three times a day. We do not remain to examine their wares as we are impatient to get ashore after such a long voyage. At last we manage to get in a sampans, and on looking around we think it almost impossible to get through the circle of boats which surround us, but we are soon out of the circle and on our way to the wharf. The bay is full of vessels from every part of the world.

The Japanese propel their boats by sculling, that is with a large oar over the stern working it from side to side, sending them through the water at a lively rate, while sculling and when working continually, they make a hissing noise. As we step on the wharf we are accosted by a Japanese who exclaims "makee lide," and when we answer "all right" he conducts us to a small covered vehicle with two wheels, called a jirikishia, they have double and single jirikishias, which can be hired for 8 and 15 cts., Japanese money, per hour. We can enter a jirikishia, and look around for the horses, who we soon perceive is a Japanese, with the shafts grasped firmly in each hand starts off in a lively manner. While being whirled swiftly along we are able to notice the dress and manners of these queer people. The men wear their clothes very tight and a long coat confined at the waist with a sash, they do not wear hats, only those who have to work out-doors wear a large hat resembling a wash bowl, and only in rainy weather do they wear these hats; their shoes resemble sandals and have pieces of wood about three inches high at the heel and toe. The majority of the people wear silks, as it is about as cheap as cloth in our own country.

The dresses of the women, look like numerous square pieces of silk thrown over the shoulders and confined at the waist by a broad, bright colored sash, their shoes are like those worn by the men, they do not wear hats, the umbrella is used in Japan as a hat, their umbrellas are made of paper and will stand the heaviest rains. The men's hair is very black and coarse; they wear it cut short, the women wear their hair done up very fancily, with little wings of hair back of each ear. They are small of stature; it is very amusing to watch them walking about on their high shoes. They are much fairer complexioned than the men, and some are very pretty. When meeting an acquaintance on the street they do not stop, when they arrive side by side, they each bow

and pass on. We inform our horse wish to visit a tea house, he soon arrives in front of a small two story house, while leading the way he invites us to enter; we enter a large room where a number of Japanese are sitting around a square box filled with ashes and a charcoal fire burning on top, we look around for chairs to sit upon but they are things the people of this country are unacquainted with, so we follow the example of our jirikishia man and set on our heels. Tea is served in very small cups, they do not use milk or sugar, we sent our jirikishia man to purchase some sugar, and when it arrived invited the Japanese to join us in a sweetened cup of tea. When one of their number who could speak a little English informed us, after tasting the tea, "No good, spouse Japanese drinkee, he make soon die," we could not persuade them to join us. They have no furniture whatever in their houses. Each floor is one large room, but can be divided into two numerous apartments by having screens across the room. A mattress placed on the floor is used for a bed, for covering, a quilt with sleeves in it is used, their pillows are small bags stuffed with hair about ten inches long and six inches in circumference resting on a small block of wood about six inches high. The neck is rested on this small pillow while sleeping. Chop sticks are used in place of knife and fork, small round sticks about eight inches long, which they dexterously use. When they enter a house they leave their shoes at the door, where they remain undisturbed, as thieves are unknown among them. When trying to speak English if they wish to invite you up stairs they say, "top side can do," down stairs, "bottom side can do." They are very courteous and hospitable to strangers, and are very fond of Americans; they are the best natured race I have ever seen.

When taking our departure, on asking the amount of our bill we were told, it was nothing, and invited us to call again. We now informed our men we wished to visit the bazaars, when he turned into a long wide street and soon came to a halt in front of a large store with gay colored Japanese characters all over the front; we alighted and were met at the door by a Japanese who invited us to enter and examine his goods, he proceeded to show us what his store contained, and seemed very much pleased at expressions of admiration while examining his specimens of beautiful workmanship, and on inquiring the price we were surprised at the remarkably low figures that was asked for them. As we are only sight seeing we do not purchase, he does not seem very anxious to sell, and treats us politely as if we had spent two or three hundred dollars with him, we thank him for his trouble, and are invited to call again. While being whirled along in our jirikishia we pass a large building surrounded by a beautiful park and on inquiry we are informed it is used by the ministers of foreign nations. There are some very fine buildings in this city, the custom house, post-office, hotels and club houses of different nations.

We enter a street and imagine ourselves in our own country, the street is narrow; the houses two and three stories high, of brick and stone, are built on the plan of our houses, here we ask the name of the street and are informed it is Main Street in the European quarter of the city—the streets here are not as wide as those in the Japanese quarter. We notice a great many familiar names displayed on the signs. There are a great many European and American merchants here dealing in the products of this country. Mutsuhita, the Mikado or King of Japan, and his Queen, Yoshiko, live in the palace at Tokio, the capital, about twenty-five miles from Yokohama. Several trains run between the cities each day. The United States have a hospital at Yokohama, and the English have a naval station. The water front is protected by a stone sea wall, several canals run through the city through which the waters from the mountains pass.

The volcano of Fusiujama can be seen from Yokohama on a clear day with its snow covered peak. Tokio is situated near the foot of this volcano which is now extinct. While riding through the streets, we notice the happy contented look of the people as they pass to and fro, or stand in their doorways watching us as we pass by.

Now and then we notice a woman with her child tied to her back, this being the manner in which they carry their infants, they are very cunning and queer looking little things. Thinking we have had sight-seeing enough for one day, we order our jirikishia man to convey us to the wharf and upon arriving there we give him a paper yen, the dollar of Japan, (about seventy-six cents in our money,) which pleases him exceedingly, he takes his leave after many bows and words of thanks. We enter a sampans and are soon once more aboard the ship well pleased with Japan and the Japanese.

A. St C. B.

A RUNAWAY ROOSTER.

How a Section of a Great City Was Thrown into Confusion.

For the short space of twenty minutes yesterday Clay street, below Sansome, was the scene of a comedy most amusing to those who witnessed it. A large rooster that had escaped from a coop that was being unloaded from a wagon was cause primarily of the outbreak of confusion and uproar. As the fowl, with a vigorous crew of exultation, gained his liberty through a loose slot and I started down Clay street at a fifty-miles-an-hour pace, one of the employes of the commission house owning the fowl grasped a long pole with a hook on one end and ran after the feathered truant. The latter, by the way he dodged in and out between horses and wagons that came in his path showed that he was by no means unaware of the principles of modern infantry tactics. The man with the pole was in a very few seconds joined by a crowd of twenty or more persons, who felt it a personal duty to see that the rooster did not escape. The first result of the chase was when the pole man, in an attempt to catch the rooster's legs in the hook, poked a stout, elderly gentleman who was passing along the sidewalk, in the stomach. Hastily withdrawing his pole he, with the rear end, swept the front ranks of his assistants, and three of them fell into the slush of the street. At the same moment a dray came rolling down the street and charged into the midst of the army, causing a general scattering. The pole man became twisted up with his weapon, and sprawled on the pavement, hitting and breaking a store window with his pole as he went down. Then the rooster, squawking his delight at the fun, ran a foot of the dray, and the driver drew up his horse suddenly in order that he might get a whack at the fowl with his whip. Tableau: The fowl dashing unhurt across to the sidewalk, and there scaring a Chinaman who is passing, the driver of the dray hanging to his shaft, he having overreached himself, and the horse galloping toward the ferry. The next scene was where the pole man was once more to the front, and with a horde of boys and men at his back, attempting to corner the rooster. He was not in favor of corners and ran into an office and upon a desk, upsetting ink-bottles and causing everything movable in his path to topple to the floor. Out he ran again in a twinkling still chuckling, and up the street from whence he had come. A second attempt on the part of the pole man to snatch his prey was followed by a rip and a tear as the hook on the pole caught a lady's dress and tore the dounce half off. The fowl evidently knew when he had had enough fun, and in the midst of the confusion he ran back to the store where he belonged and quietly allowed another man to capture him. From the bars of his coop he viewed his

late pursuers complacently, as much as to say: (See what one little rooster can do in a few minutes.)—San Francisco Chronicle.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

The Governor of Oahu shall cause a Bell to be rung at the Port of Honolulu, at nine and a half o'clock of each evening, as a signal to all Mariners at that time on shore without his permission, to return on board their vessels; and it shall be incumbent upon them to do so, upon pain of two dollars fine, if apprehended at or after ten o'clock of the evening, when said Governor shall cause the Bell to be again rung, as a signal for their apprehensions.

Whoever furiously, or heedlessly of the safety of others, rides any horse or other animal, or drives or conducts any vehicle, though the personal safety of any person be not endangered thereby, shall be punished by a fine not less than five dollars nor exceeding one hundred.

Whoever is found drunk in any street, road or other place, from the use of intoxicating liquor, shall, on the first conviction for such offense be punished by a fine not exceeding six dollars, and on any conviction of any like offense committed after the first conviction, by a fine not exceeding twelve dollars, or by imprisonment not more than three months.

All loud noise by night is taboo. Whoever, after sunset, shall, by hallooing, singing in the streets, or in any other way, make any disturbance or disorderly noise, in any village, town or part of this kingdom without justifiable cause for so doing shall be liable to summary arrest and imprisonment by any constable or police officer, and upon conviction be punished by a fine not exceeding ten dollars.

Any person not authorized by law, who shall carry or be armed with any bow-knife, sword-cane, pistol, air-gun, slung shot, or other deadly weapon, shall be liable to a fine of no more than thirty dollars and no less than ten, or in default of payment of such fine, to imprisonment at hard labor for a term not exceeding two months, and no less than fifteen days, upon conviction of such offense before any district magistrate, unless good cause be shown for having such dangerous weapons; and any such person may be immediately arrested without warrant, by the Marshal, or any Sheriff, Constable, or other officer or person, until he can be taken before such magistrate.

Every foreign seaman, of whose desertion from any vessel due notice shall have been given, and every seaman discharged contrary to the provisions of the article, shall be apprehended, and if not returned to his vessel, shall be put at the disposal of his proper Consul or Commercial Agent; but if he refuse to receive him under charge of his Consulate, said deserter shall be put to hard labor until he quits the country.

Every seaman who shall be found on shore after the sixty days limited by his permit have expired, will be arrested as a deserter, and confined in the fort until he shall leave the kingdom.

Whoever rescues any prisoner, or persons lawfully held in custody on conviction or charge of any offense, or as witness on a criminal charge, or aids or assists any such prisoner, witness or person so held in custody, in his design or endeavor to escape, whether his escape be or be not effected or attempted, or conveys into any fort or other prison any disguise, tool, weapon, or other thing adapted to facilitate, and with intent to facilitate the escape therefrom of any such prisoner, witness or other person, shall, in case the aforesaid offense or criminal charge be capital, or punishable by imprisonment for life or for ten years or more, be punished by imprisonment at hard labor not more than three years, and by fine not exceeding five hundred dollars; in any other case he shall be punished by imprisonment at hard labor not more than one year, and fine not exceeding one hundred dollars.

(The above is an exact copy of the law of Honolulu. You will observe that the law is very strict—Ed.)

A DESERTION JUSTIFIED.

At a recent political gathering in Tuscombia, Ala. General Callen A. Battle related the following touching story in the course of his speech: During the winter 1863-64 it was my fortune to be president of one of the courts-martial of the Army of Northern Virginia. One bleak December morning, while the snow covered the ground and the wind howled around our camp, I left my bivouac fire to attend the session of court. Winding for miles along uncertain paths, I at length arrived at the court ground, at Round Oak church. Day after day it had been our duty to try the soldiers of that army, charged with violation of military laws, but never had I on any previous occasion been greeted by such anxious spectators as on that morning awaited the opening of court. Case after case was disposed of, and at length the case of the Confederate States vs. Edward Cooper was called—charge, desertion. A low number rose spontaneously from the battle-scarred spectators as the young artilleryman arose from the prisoners' bench and in response to the question, "Guilty or not guilty?" answered "Not guilty."

The judge-advocate was proceeding to open the prosecution when the court, observing that the prisoner was unattended by counsel, intervened and inquired of the accused, "Who is your counsel?" He replied, "I have no counsel." Supposing that it was his purpose to represent himself before the court, the judge-advocate was instructed to proceed. Every charge and specification against the prisoner was sustained. The prisoner was then told to introduce his witness. He replied: "I have no witnesses." Astonished at the calmness with which he seemed to be submitting to what he regarded as inevitable fate, I said to him, "Have you no defence? Is it possible that you abandoned your comrades and deserted your colors in the presence of the enemy without any reason?" He replied: "There was a reason, but it will not avail me before a military court." I said: "Perhaps you are mistaken; you are charged with the highest crime known to military law, and it is your duty to make known the causes that influenced your actions." For the first time his manly form trembled and his blue eyes swam in tears. Approaching the president of the court he presented a letter, saying as he did so, "Taere, General, is what did it." I opened the letter, and in a moment my eyes filled with tears. It was passed from one to another of the court until all had seen it, and those stern warriors, who had passed with Stonewall Jackson through a hundred battles, wept like little children. Soon as I sufficiently recovered my self-possession, I read the letter as the defence of the prisoner. It was in the words:

"Dear Edward: I have always been proud of you; since your connection with the Confederate army I have been prouder of you than ever before. I would not have you do anything wrong for the world; but before God, Edward, unless you come home, we must die! Last night I was aroused by little Eddie's crying. I called and said, 'What is the matter, Eddie?' and he said: 'Mamma, I'm so hungry!' And Lucy, Edward, your darling Lucy, she never complains, but she grows thinner and thinner every day. And before God, Edward, unless you come home, we must die.

Your Mary."

Turning to the prisoner, I asked: "What did you do when you received this letter?" He replied: "I made application for a furlough, and it was rejected; a third time I made application and it was rejected; and that night, as I wandered backward and forward in the camp thinking of my home, the mild eye of Lucy looking up to me, and the burning words of Mary sinking in my soul, I was no longer the Confederate soldier, but I was the father of Lucy and the husband of Mary, and I would have passed those lines if every gun in the battery had been fired upon me. Mary ran out to meet me, her angel arms embraced me, and

she whispered: 'Oh, Edward, am so glad you got your furlough!' She must have felt no sorrow, for she turned as pale as death, and standing her breath at every word, she said, 'Have you come without your furlough? Oh Edward, go back! go back! Let me and the children go down to the grave; but oh, for heaven's sake save the honor of our name!' And here I was a man, not brought here by military power, but in obedience to the command of Mary, to abide the sentence of your court."

Every officer of that court would felt the force of the prisoner's words. Before them stood, in beautiful vision the eloquent plea for a husband's and a father's wrongs; but they had been trained by the great leader Robt. E. Lee to tread the path of duty though the lightning flash crossed the ground beneath their feet, and each in his turn pronounced the verdict—guilty. For a kindly humanity, and fortunately for the humanity, the proceedings of the trial were reviewed by the commanding general, and upon the record was written: "Honorarium A. R. C."

"The father of the child named Edward Cooper is pardoned, and will report to headquarters."

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MISCELLANEOUS
NOTICE

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